

CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

# MACLEAN'S

February 1, 1947

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Why We 'Rebelled' Against Bevin . . By Richard Crossman







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# The Revolt Against Bevin

MACLEAN'S  
FEBRUARY 1, 1947

By RICHARD CROSSMAN, M.P.

During a debate in the British House of Commons last November, Herbert H. Crossman, Labor Member of Parliament for East University, prepared an amendment on which he called on the Labor Government to approve and enact its foreign policy and "provide it themselves and resist the inevitable alternative to an otherwise successful policy based on American capitalism and imperial domination."

In the ensuing discussion, not a single vote was cast against the foreign policy of Labor Minister Ernest Bevin, but approximately 100 Labor M.P.'s positively abstained (from voting on the Bevin policy). Many members were in the opinion the hegemony of a full-scale "rebel" in the Labor Party. In the subsequent article, written at the request of Maclean's, the main idea for the "rebel" gives the interpretation of the issue at stake.

**T**HINK THESE STORIES of the rebellion in the Labor Party revealed in the opening debate of the new parliamentary session is a great deal more substantial than their noisy reports have made it.

Some United States gentlemen have described it as a well-organized conspiracy. One not only rang me up on the day after the debate and said that he knew that Bevin was due to go in three months and he was wanted to find out what it was. Others in the United States are even talking of my time as Foreign Secretary.

At 10.15, on the 10th of November, I was elected to the House of Commons. The 10.15-10.30 Labor M.P.'s who abstained from voting against the amendment which I introduced were not even remotely connected with the parliamentarianism in the Cabinet. We have been largely in the Parliament to know that foreign policy is a collective Cabinet responsibility. The only reason may be to express our dissent of the Government on which they are playing but have drifting the last year.

The talk of a day after the 10th is my work now and each time that the Crafts. Much more than the truth, because there was no group or rebel before the debate and there has been no group or rebel after it. When the day of the 10th of November was announced the Party meeting was announced that we had agreed not to have a dissent but to vote on the amendment after the discussion had taken place.

We had no vote then of the strength of the reason behind us and if we had had a vote we would have shown our dissent.

Dr. A. J. A. Smith has spoken in reply with a message that the amendment should be withdrawn. We are already revised.

It was only because two members, the total strength of the Independent Labor Party, voted a dissent that a dissent took place. We may say as happened in the Government, when the members



A British Labor "rebel"  
reveals the inside story  
of the political fight over  
Britain's foreign policy



# You Were Never More Beautiful

By WILLIAM COLE

**T**HREE CAPTIONS under the newspaper picture read: Robert Theodore Moore, newly appointed art director for the W. M. Cummings agency. When he called her to her attention, "Well, it's not Theodore!" Hello, Theodore, old boy. And you said you didn't have a middle name?

He laughed. "I was keeping it under wraps—something that you guessed it was when I was too young to fight back."

"Like it?"

"Very appropriate for a newly appointed Art Director at W. M. Cummings, Bob. You deserved it."

"Oh, of course. And to think—I own it all to Moore."

"Good old Theodore. The One! That Goes You A Little!"

A pause, during, a pause. "He voice dropped low."

"Did he say 'Theodore, the baby'?"

"You know damn well what. Two long weeks ago, let's not start the happy and get married tonight!"

"Not tonight, my friend. Tonight, if you'll recall, we're going to the opening of 'The Finest Was the Last' in New York."

Clutching an old jacket back in the cloak. Will the tide himself, looking off her sleeve with. There, another two weeks and you'll be Mr. Moore. Another two weeks and you'll have the American Theatre to which you've given the best 18 of your 22 years and more in a career of more and more to Westport, where you'll spend the rest of your days ordinary in his home—perhaps the best of America and a that beautiful, and shining. "The spirit" and "I do!" in their proper place.

She smiled, rubbing her feet on the soft cushions. The picture was under her hand and looked fine. She was so tired, so completely dazed down (and Twenty months of 1940 touring had even to that. Twenty months of peace and love and peace of every kind of peace, peace and love and peace and love. Twenty months in France and Germany, Africa and Italy, bringing "Hallelujah" and "Hello!" home. A little drama is little something for the boys. Twenty and more or almost with. No matter, of course, in court the same she was not with that perfectly lovely state of affairs.

She needed a rest, a few more rest. She needed to sit on the sofa in the middle of it, a quiet, a long flowing gown, listening to Philharmonic broadcasts and going out at the fountain, and back through old painted scenes. She was a man in the last scene. It was beautiful, even looking like it. French has to be, for her. A man and woman scene who would sit and her with her and who would, of course, love her really and strongly.

nally, including Christmas and New Year's Eve.

It was going to be completely wonderful up in Westport, was it?

Having arranged and given full advice to this first, she closed her eyes and was just drifting off in a short restful nap before coming, when the telephone rang and it was late.

"Hello?" It was Yvonne Paul, secretary-assistant to New York's famous hall. "Yvonne was checking on a few things for the picture. First of all, was there any truth in the rumor that Rose was going to be in the new Max Baer's show?"

No, she said. She could think of no reason why Rose would do it.

Oh, said Yvonne, then she was still going ahead with plans to marry Mr. Moore?

She smiled her teeth. Yes, she was still going ahead.

"I see." A pause from Yvonne. Then, suddenly, "You wouldn't care, I suppose, to make any statement to a certain Canadian reporter?"

She called slowly why not? "Would you mind telling me where you heard a bad one?"

Yvonne laughed. "There, some honey, you know better than this. We understand that you and a Major Kaufman it were quite friendly"—there was the greatest sensation on this—"when you were in England."

Will she thought, how good. No longer was it necessary to reveal before the press.

"Quite friendly" meant the half of it, she said. "You should at least know what was said. Not only with the press—but the whole Canadian Corps. And some, during it?"

Smiles from the 1940 episode, she thought, as she got up and went into the bathroom. They must have got it from someone who has been along. But that I understood—except that she had finally managed to put the whole thing from her mind. "Go and sleep!" She went in the shower and ran a hand over it, mark of dream. Well, of course she had. Well, sure.

Madison's Magazine February 1, 1947

She decided on the black dress. The tall slender figure in black matched her naturally from the full-length mirror, something representing movement in the deep water eyes. The light-colored hair parted in the middle, fell loosely, she didn't laugh, looking at the high tapering shoulder. Her skin, she noted with satisfaction, was very white against the dark cloth. The yellow hair, she thought, was gone. About how she thought, with a glance. These beautiful, beautiful girls? They had been having her money yellow. She was glad she'd discontinued them, in matter what.

The hair was washed, washed her out to the bath. She pressed the button that released the bath. She continued then, leaving the door open, directed to the bathroom to be her mouth.

"Is that why you didn't want to come back?" But asked.

ILLUSTRATED BY  
BARBARA JENSEN



Been tried to settle for romance. But eyes that had looked on fame couldn't evade reality

"It's not right with you, darling," she called through the door, "when she heard the first news. 'Find a place to sit.'"

The gold mine, the beautiful, handsome, a find back. A quarter of an hour, and I'm off to it! Finding the nearest one. I found, the first house, they're...

She stopped. "Rah!"

He was sitting on the arm of a chair, looking at Betty's picture. He picked up when she came in, got down, his pretense and say. In the end, when light from the bridge lamp, he showed up, he was black and so on, he had been around and then and full. The picture of pretense that he had left in. Orson had been replaced with romanticism still. He was in the middle of UNCLE, but were no picture or other description in his pocket. "You the father, and the world, Canada. Continued on page 47"

















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